

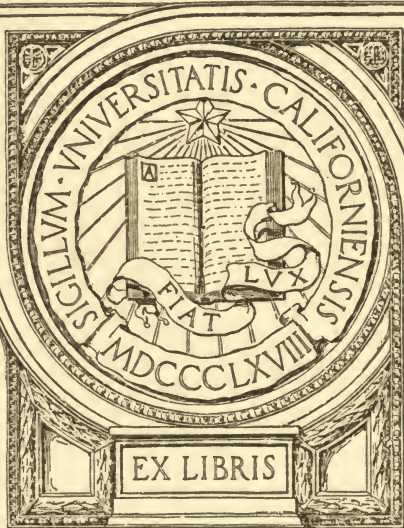


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THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD  
AND OTHER POEMS

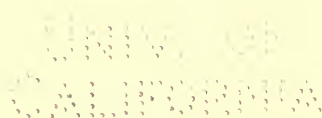




THE  
CALL OF BROTHERHOOD  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1912



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Published October, 1912

*Gift of Anna Rodman*

*12-23128*



THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO

TO  
FRANCES THEODORA PARSONS  
THE FRIEND  
TO WHOSE INSPIRATION AND COMPANIONSHIP  
I OWE MY HAPPIEST HOURS  
WITH BOOKS AND NATURE



# CONTENTS

## LIFE

	PAGE
THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD . . . . .	3
VISION . . . . .	5
LINCOLN . . . . .	7
DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR . . . . .	8
AMFORTAS . . . . .	9
FATE'S DUEL . . . . .	11
REMBRANDT'S POLISH RIDER . . . . .	12
MATERNITY . . . . .	13
TO F. W. . . . .	14
MA BELLE . . . . .	15
FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	16
STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND . . . . .	17
A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS . . . . .	18
MY COMRADE . . . . .	20
SPRING . . . . .	22
THE TRAIL TO WHITE TOP . . . . .	23
JUNE . . . . .	27
AFTER LONG LIFE . . . . .	28

	PAGE
THE GREAT QUESTION . . . . .	29
PRAYER . . . . .	30
DEATH . . . . .	31

## HEROISM

### THE TITANIC:

THE LUST FOR SPEED . . . . .	35
PARTING . . . . .	38
TOGETHER . . . . .	39
THE MEN . . . . .	40
TO A. W. B. . . . .	41
THE ENGINEER! . . . . .	42
THE WIRELESS TOWER . . . . .	44
THE BAND . . . . .	47

## LOVE

AWAKENING . . . . .	51
LOVE HAS A MYRIAD OF WINNING WAYS . . . . .	52
LOVE IS A BEGGAR . . . . .	53
ONE HOUR . . . . .	54
"AMOR SCONSOLATO" . . . . .	56
UNFULFILLED . . . . .	57
THE LESSER PART . . . . .	58
THE BETTER PART . . . . .	59
DISILLUSION . . . . .	60

	PAGE
IF SOME FAIR ANGEL . . . . .	61
LOVE AND UNFAITH . . . . .	62
LOVE AND FAITH . . . . .	63
THE FORGOTTEN COUNTERSIGN . . . . .	64
THE FAILURE OF KING ARTHUR. . . . .	65
FRAGMENT . . . . .	73
DEBT . . . . .	74
TRUE LOVE IS SUCH A SWEET AND SACRED THING	75

## GRIEF

GRIEF . . . . .	79
TO S. D. R. . . . .	80
TO HER . . . . .	82
IMPOTENCE . . . . .	83
TO HIM . . . . .	84
MARCH NINETEENTH . . . . .	86
FEBRUARY 21ST, 1909 . . . . .	87
FEBRUARY 21ST, 1912 . . . . .	88
HEART OF MY HEART . . . . .	89
THE GARDEN IN THE WOODS . . . . .	92
PAIN THE INTERPRETER . . . . .	93





LIFE



## THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD

HAVE you heard it, the dominant call  
Of the city's great cry, and the thrall  
And the throb and the pulse of its Life,  
And the touch and the stir of its Strife,  
As, amid the dread dust and the din  
It wages its battle of Sin?  
Have you felt in the crowds of the street  
The echo of mutinous feet  
As they march to their final release,  
As they struggle and strive without peace?  
Marching how, marching where, and to what!  
Oh! by all that there is, or is not,  
We must march too and shoulder to shoulder.  
If a frail sister slip, we must hold her,  
If a brother be lost in the strain  
Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,  
We must love him and lift him again.  
For we are the Guarded, the Shielded,  
And yet we have wavered and yielded  
To the sins that we could not resist.

By the right of the joys we have missed,  
By the right of the deeds left undone,  
By the right of our victories won,  
Perchance we their burdens may bear  
As brothers, with right to our share.  
The baby who pulls at the breast  
With its pitiful purpose to wrest  
The milk that has dried in the vein,  
That is sapped by life's fever and drain—  
The turbulent prisoners of toil,  
Whose faces are black with the soil  
And scarred with the sins of the soul,  
Who are paying the terrible toll  
Of the way they have chosen to tread,  
As they march on in truculent dread,—  
And the Old, and the Weary, who fall—  
Oh! let us be one with them all!  
By the infinite fear of our fears,  
By the passionate pain of our tears,  
Let us hold out our impotent hands,  
Made strong by Jehovah's commands,  
The God of the militant poor,  
Who are stronger than we to endure,  
Let us march in the front of the van  
Of the Brotherhood valiant of Man!

## VISION

FRIEND of the People, purposeful and  
strong,

You, who would right their Wrong,

You, of the ardent eyes

That woo the glory of the further skies!

For the glad answer of a new Sunrise

Must you then wait so long?

Oh! Man of Vision! though the rest be blind,

You, who do love Mankind,

You, who believe

That our fair Country shall indeed retrieve

The promise of the ages. You shall find

Your heart's reprieve.

With your own motto

"Spend and so be spent,"

Your high intent

Makes of yourself a willing instrument.

With heart and soul afire  
You do aspire  
But to be broken, should the cause require,  
An arrow shattered ere the bow be bent!

What though the sordid sneer!  
They may not hear  
The cry of those  
Who suffer the fierce throes  
Of pain and hunger after deadly toil.  
Your Brothers of the Soil  
Follow your Beacon Light  
Away from their dark night.

And in the end,  
Though you be spent,  
You, who were glad to spend,  
Who would not be  
A baffled Moses with the eyes to see  
The far fruition of the Promised Land,  
Who would not understand  
How to lead captive dread Captivity,  
Who would not even crave  
A lost and lonely grave  
Near Jordan's wave?

LINCOLN

A MARTYRED Saint, he lies upon his bier,  
While, with one heart, the kneeling nation  
          weeps,

Until across the world the knowledge sweeps  
That every sad and sacrificial tear  
Waters the seed to Patriot mourners dear,  
That flowers in love of Country. He who reaps  
The gift of martyrdom, forever keeps  
His soul in love of man, and God's own fear.  
Great Prototype benign of Brotherhood—  
Incarnate of the One who walked the shore  
Of lonely lakes in distant Galilee;  
With patient purpose undismayed he stood,  
Steadfast and unafraid, and calmly bore  
A Nation's Cross to a new Calvary!

# DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR

SUGGESTED BY DANIEL C. FRENCH'S RELIEF

MAY I not carve the message of thine eyes  
That long 'neath adamantine brows is hid,  
Oh! mighty Sphinx that near the Pyramid,  
Beneath the glamour of Egyptian skies,  
The riddle of the ages still defies?

Youth is my master—Dauntless Youth would bid  
Me find the answer underneath thy lid  
Where Life's solved mystery unwritten lies.  
Lo! as I carve, I feel Death's ruthless hand,  
And I, so young, must lay my instrument  
Away with all my eager, ardent Faith.  
May it not be that one revealing wand  
Alone can point us what the secret meant,—  
Interpreter of Life—Thy name is Death!



## A M F O R T A S

I AM the Sinner, purer than the sin,  
I am the Doer, worthier than the deed,  
I am the Loser, who was meant to win,  
I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the Creed.

I, the Inheritor of Holiness,  
The knighted Guardian of the mystic Grail,  
Lo! I am lost in deep and dire distress,  
For I have loved the best, and yet could fail.

I was the bearer of the Holy Spear  
But, through my sin, the sacred Thing I bore  
Turned on my breast, and what I held most dear  
Has left an anguished wound for evermore.

Mine was a soul freeborn to love the light  
Astir with wingèd hope and high emprise,  
Self slain, and chained to dark and dreadful night,  
Though doomed to deathlessness, it faints and dies.

To love the right, and yield unto the wrong,  
To have the best, and know it, yet to lose;  
To be the weak, though born to be the strong,  
To crave the pure, and yet the loathly choose.

Perchance the tortured terror which I bear  
Forever burning in my bleeding breast  
Shall purge my sin and win for me a share  
In the Redeemer's gift of perfect Rest.

I am the Sinner, purer than the sin,  
I am the Doer, worthier than the deed,  
I am the Loser, who was meant to win,  
I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the Creed!

## FATE'S DUEL

IT comes to all of us, or soon or late,  
And we must buckle close our coat of mail;  
Hand may not falter, nay, nor keen eye quail  
Before the destined duel with our Fate!  
And some who conquer, find they abdicate  
The throne which was their joy; and some who  
fail  
To win the battle, ardent still and pale,  
Fight on,—nor will the angry Gods placate.—  
But some, with visor down to hide the eyes  
That looked upon a high Love's shattered faith,  
And some, whom Love relentlessly passed by,  
Must battle without hope.—For them there lies  
No eager glory in Life's sacrifice,  
No victory except in loyal Death!

## REMBRANDT'S POLISH RIDER

WITH careless ease, lithe, supple, lissome, free,  
He sways the rein with adolescent grace,  
And Youth is in the ardor of his face;  
His eyes are wells of Life's expectancy,  
The romance of the wonder yet to be!  
What will he lose or win before his race  
Is gained or lost? Shall Honor or Disgrace  
Crown or defame his fine, fair chivalry?  
Go, Rider! Fare unto the Golden West—  
And though the Master, with unerring hand,  
Hath fashioned that the frowning Dark Tower  
stand  
So sadly close—Fear not—your gallant breast  
Shall never shrink before the prison wall—  
No fetters could your spirit high enthrall!

## M A T E R N I T Y

MY little one, thy Mother's dreaming eyes  
Dwell on thy nestling head against her breast  
With that supreme and satisfied surprise,  
Maternity achieved. The strange behest  
Of Life infused and made animate,  
Of soul incarnate, loosened from the spell  
Of mortal matter, and sent forth elate  
To wing its flight from that unfathomed cell  
Whence it was born, unto the radiant sun  
That ever beckons to a higher flight;  
The golden goal for which the race is run,  
The Heavenly goal which is eternal light.  
Oh! dreaming mother, dost thou recognize  
The wingèd spirit in thy baby's eyes!

## TO F. W.

SHE wore the crown of wife and motherhood  
With noble dignity. Her limpid gaze  
Could see beyond the weakness of men's ways,  
And yet all human things she understood.  
Not of the world, yet in it, for she would  
Respond to Love's demands—or blame—or praise—  
And spent herself in each succeeding day's  
Fair opportunity for doing good.  
Her lips had quaffed the Sacramental Wine  
Of High Communion from her childhood's Faith;  
Her eyes had early visioned the Divine  
And found in Christ the Conqueror of Death.  
Serene amid the clamor and the strife  
She bore the lily of a blameless life!

## MA BELLE

THE fine, fair cameo of her lovely face  
Was like a perfect flower in tint and hue,  
And from her being, breathed the nameless grace  
Of sheltered woods and violets shy and blue.  
She did not seem to know she was so fair;  
Her tender cheek would flush with sweet surprise,  
When, sometimes, we who loved her, praised her  
hair  
Or prized the fawn-like beauty of her eyes.  
Nor could we think too much of form or line,  
Or dainty coloring. The radiant soul  
That from those hazel eyes was wont to shine  
Seemed to be one with God, and claimed the whole  
Of Angel Sisterhood. Now, one of Them,  
We reach toward Heaven by her garment's hem!

## FRIENDSHIP

THOUGH Love be deeper, Friendship is more  
wide;

Like some high plateau stretching limitless,  
It may not feel the ultimate caress  
Of sun-kissed peaks, remote and glorified,  
But here the light, with gentler winds allied,  
The broad horizon sweeps, till loneliness,  
The cruel tyrant of the Soul's distress,  
In such sweet company may not abide.  
Friendship has vision though dear Love be blind,  
And swift and full communion in the fair  
Free flights of high and sudden ecstasy,  
The broad excursions where, mind knit to mind,  
And heart by heart renewed, can all things dare,  
Lit by the fire of perfect sympathy.



## STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND

STRETCH out your hand and take the world's  
wide gift

Of Joy and Beauty. Open wide your soul  
Down to its utmost depths, and bare the whole  
To Earth's prophetic dower of clouds that lift  
Their clinging shadows from the sunlight's rift,—  
The sapphire symphony of seas that roll  
Full-breasted auguries from deep to shoal,  
Borne from dim caverns on the salt spray's drift.  
Open the windows of your wondering heart  
To God's supreme Creation; make it yours,  
And give to other hearts your ample store;  
For when the whole of you is but a part  
Of joyous beauty such as e'er endures,  
Only by giving can you gain the more!

# A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS

## I

I SING to the joy of the By-Ways,  
The road that is grass overgrown,  
That leads from the dust of the high-ways  
To the meadow that never is mown;  
The subtle seduction of places  
Where Silence her magic has wrought,  
And the Dream, or the Vision, effaces  
The thralldom of thought.

## II

The hour we wantonly wasted,  
How rich in its passing, how fleet!  
The fruit that we should not have tasted,  
How perilous transient and sweet!  
The dim and unfathomed recesses  
Where flushes the bud of desire,  
The swift, half acknowledged caresses,  
The moth and the fire!

### III

Then search for the flower that grows not  
Except where the pathway is blind,  
And the breath of the blossom that blows not  
Where its beauty is easy to find;  
The thrill of its scent aromatic  
No gardens of ease ever give,—  
Where Life is fulfilment ecstatic,  
And to love is to live!

### IV

For the Heart is the Lord of the By-Ways  
And bids us forever to climb  
To the distant and delicate shy-ways  
Where even the Conqueror, Time,  
Must pause on his march for a minute,  
To yield us the consummate right  
For the sake of the bliss that is in it  
To our Dream of Delight.

## MY COMRADE

### I

ON a day when Youth was winging  
Lo! I heard a comrade singing—  
And he beckoned me and beckoned  
Till I joined him on his way;  
“Come,” he said, “for Time is flying—  
Age is hastening, Youth is dying—  
Come and we will turn September  
Back into the bloom of May!”

### II

Oh! I thanked my Comrade kindly,  
And I followed him right blindly,  
He was such a merry fellow  
As he sang his roundelay;  
All my happy heart I showed him  
For the fairy gift I owed him,  
He who taught me that September  
Still could hold the joy of May!

### III

So, my Comrade, I was ready  
With a spirit staunch and steady,  
Quick to snatch the fickle moments  
Of our fleeting holiday.  
How we laughed, the hours whiling,  
Though we knew that no beguiling  
Could do aught but cheat September  
With a masquerade of May!

. . . . .

### IV

Sometimes still I hear him calling,  
But the autumn leaves are falling  
And his voice has lost its lilting,  
Luring music, blithe and gay—  
And his song is faint and hollow,  
For I may not rise and follow,  
I who know that bleak November  
Is a mockery of May!

## SPRING

THE budding promise of recurrent Spring  
Has filled my heart with all its primal fire,  
And, like a flight of birds upon the wing,  
It soars celestial with the wild desire  
For all that was, when Youth and Love were  
young—  
Ere Pain articulate had found a tongue.

There is a fragrance in the ambient air  
That breathes of Resurrection; and the blue  
Compelling canopy that arches fair  
Above our heads, would bid us to renew  
Our childhood's Faith in Heaven's sapphire gate,  
And once again our souls rededicate.

What if the holy fires of youth are shaken,  
And burned to dust before Life's arid waste,—  
One touch of Spring and all our veins awaken  
And crave once more the lost delights to taste;—  
Undying, and reborn, dim memories stir  
The old, sweet pregnancy of days that were!

# THE TRAIL TO WHITE TOP

## I

O H! the trail that leads to White Top in the  
merry month of May,

What a galaxy of beauty we shall find upon the  
way.

There the haughty hemlock's shade is  
Bending o'er the quaker ladies

In the gorge as deep as Hades where the lady  
slippers stray!

## II

Would you climb the dappled pathway toward the  
misty mountain height

You must balance on your saddle, right to left,  
and left to right—

For the branches stoop and press you  
As a lover would caress you,

Begging only you confess you greet their ardor  
with delight.

### III

There the painted trillium glances from her trinity  
of leaves,  
And her sister, the Wake-Robin, nods serenely  
and believes  
That perchance her singing brother  
On some rapid flight or other  
Brushed her petals with a feather where the bur-  
nished crimson heaves.

### IV

Near the rocks the wild azalea, flaring in an orange  
flame,  
Leans above the mandrake blossom, hiding  
'neath her leaf in shame—  
And Clintonia Umbellata  
Gleams beside the laughing water  
Like a monarch's royal daughter who disdains a  
common name!

### V

As we climb we see Elk Garden, with its broad  
and grassy sweep,  
And the crown of black old Balsam casting  
shadows long and deep,



But we mount forever higher  
Where the wind plays like a lyre,  
And the sunset's sudden fire falls on summits wild  
and steep.

## VI

Here the delicate Spring beauty clambers up the  
mountain side,  
And the wind flower swaying gently, pristine as  
a pallid bride,  
White Top's children shyly peeping  
From the undergrowth where creeping  
Pine and fir their tryst are keeping, though we crush  
them as we ride.

## VII

Now we scale the final hillock, and before our  
wondering eyes  
Range on range of mountains rising from the  
valley to the skies,  
Far unto the dim horizon—  
Peak on peak the faint flush lies on,  
And the young moon's shadow dies on myriad  
purple mysteries.

## VIII

Oh! the trail that leads to White Top—When the  
days are cold and gray,  
And the winter nights are chilly, how I long to  
wend my way  
Back to Springtime and its glory,  
There where Life's an untold story  
On the trail to White Top hoary in the merry  
month of May!

## J U N E

THE frail felicity of April hours  
Has yielded to the prescient joy of May—  
And she, in turn, has laid her fragrant flowers  
Upon the altar of this perfect day.  
The spring with lavish hand her incense spilled,  
An ardent acolyte to June fulfilled.

June in the meadow, lush with living green,  
June on the hill side, soft with waving grain,  
June in the rich completion of the scene,  
June in the fulness of the thrush's strain—  
And yet! Ah! June, must you, too, wend your  
way—  
Have you no potent spell Time's hand to stay?

## AFTER LONG LIFE

AFTER long life if I could be bereft  
Of this Earth's passion and its endless pain,  
And then, if I could live my life again  
As one by Death forgotten and Youth left,  
I wonder would I long, with all the deft  
Desires of my now free, unshackled brain  
To enter Life's arena? Would I gain—  
No more 'twixt hope and mortal anguish cleft—  
A disembodied view of soul and sense,  
A swift solution of the mystery  
Of Life's great pageant, and the poor pretense  
Of Heaven's high-handed Inconsistency?  
So visioned, would I still kneel unto God,  
Or yield obeisance to the soulless sod?

## THE GREAT QUESTION

MY heart is weary with the world's distress,  
The cry of those who struggle in the night.  
Oh! Lord, who sent thy Son for our redress,  
We pray thee as of old "Let there be light!"  
I would not ask the "Why" nor pierce the veil;  
All that I long for is to know, behind  
The torture, and the terror, and the wail  
Of human woe, there is no cruel, blind,  
Unreasoning Chance, that hurls us here and there,  
Victims of an insensate Tyranny;  
I would not ask the Cause, but this my prayer—  
To know there is a Cause for Misery;  
Could I but see the working of Thy Hand  
I should be willing not to understand!

## P R A Y E R

G RANT me, oh! Lord, the attitude of prayer!  
My joys, my griefs, my sins, to lay them all  
At Thy dear feet!—I would not prostrate fall,  
But I would have my spirit always there.  
From such a vantage point, could I not bear  
The fierce temptations which my heart enthrall,  
And with Thy help so lift the heavy pall  
Of anguished grief. Perchance if I could share  
Each secret thought and raise it unto Thee,  
Just as the dew is lifted from the flower  
By the great Sun's benign compelling ray,  
My faltering glance could so Thy beauty see,  
Until my spirit drawn by Thy pure power  
Would turn to prayer as night must turn to day.

## DEATH

I AM the Master of the Secret Road,  
Silent I stand behind the half closed door.  
And you, who shrink the blind, black path before,  
Though driven by the inexorable goad,  
You, who have paid to Life the debt you owed,  
Good coin or bad, from scant or ample store,  
Poor Pilgrim, furtive-footed on my shore,  
May it not be that I shall lift your load?  
Then, with undaunted brow, come woo my eyes  
And lay in mine nor cold, nor craven hand—  
May you not thrill as one with sweet surprise  
Who finds a friend beloved in alien land?  
Perchance my face you thus shall recognize  
And all my secrets fitly understand!





# HEROISM



# THE TITANIC

## THE LUST FOR SPEED

### *PROLOGUE*

I AM the Juggernaut  
Crushing beneath my wheel  
All that is finest wrought;  
Iron and wood and steel  
Shatter and writhe and reel,  
Yielding before my greed—  
I am the Lust for Speed!

What do I care for cries,  
What unto me are throes,  
What do I reckon who dies—  
I am the will of those,  
Who from the phalanx rose,  
Captains of Business Need—  
I am the Lust for Speed!

Lo! I must make my way  
O'er the vast Continent,  
I must hold Time at bay,  
Rush till the rails be rent  
Reek from the girders bent,  
Mine is the criminal deed—  
I am the Lust for Speed.

And when the Ocean's toll  
Reaches to hundred score,  
When Death's defiant roll  
Clamors for more and more  
Than ever claimed before;  
What though my victims plead—  
I am the Lust for Speed!

I must the record break,  
I must be ever first,  
None shall my laurels take,  
Mine is the burning thirst  
Bred from the greed accursed;  
Nor shall a rival lead—  
I am the Lust for Speed!

## *ENVOI*

Captains of Industry,  
Pause but a single hour!  
Those who so silent lie  
Voice my malignant power;  
This is their final dower,  
Death and Despair decreed—  
By the fell Lust for Speed.

## PARTING

**B**ELOVÈD, you must go—ask not to stay,—  
You are a mother and your duties call,  
And we, who have so long been all in all,  
Must put the human side of life away.  
For one brief moment let us stand and pray,  
Sealed in the thought that whatsoe'er befall  
We, who have known the freedom and the  
thrall  
Of a great love, in death shall feel its sway.—  
You, who must live, because of his dear need,  
You are the one to bear the harder part—  
Nay, do not cling—'tis time to say good-by.  
Think of me then but as a spirit freed,  
Flesh of my Flesh, and Heart of my own  
Heart,  
The love we knew has made me strong to die!

## TOGETHER

I CANNOT leave you, ask me not to go,  
Love of my youth and all my older years—  
We, who have met together smiles or tears,  
Feeling that each did but make closer grow  
The union of our hearts—Ah! say not so  
That Death shall find us separate. All my fears  
Are but to lose you. Life itself appears  
A trifling thing—But one great truth I know,  
When heart to heart has been so closely knit  
That Flesh has been one Flesh and Soul one  
Soul,  
Life is not life if they are rent apart,  
And death unsevered is more exquisite  
As we, who have known much, shall read the whole  
Of Life's great secret on each other's heart.

## THE MEN

WOMEN and children all  
First to the boat!  
Quick to the crucial call  
Lower—and float—  
Only a swift good-by,  
Meeting—ah when?  
And we are left to die—  
We are the men!

Ours is the better fate,  
Would we then live?  
They, without son or mate—  
May God forgive  
This untold sacrifice.  
Courage! again,  
Under the starlit skies—  
We are the men!

Steerage and financier  
Answer the roll,  
Each with his duty clear,  
Peace to his soul,



Though the great ocean roar  
Victor—what then!  
Heroes for evermore,  
We are the men!

TO A. W. B.

HERE'S to you, gallant friend,  
Gentle and brave,  
You, who full fathom deep  
Lie 'neath the wave.  
You were a soldier still  
Up to the last,  
Doing your Captain's will  
As in the past.

Not from a bullet's flight,  
Not under arms,  
But in the Ocean's night  
Of wild alarms.  
Calm in the midst of fears,  
Taking command,  
Courage! in spite of tears  
For Fatherland.

We who have known you long,  
Gallant and gay,  
First in the dance and song,  
Pleasure and play,  
Knew, too, the valiant soul  
That would stand by  
(Women and children first!)—  
Ready to die!

## THE ENGINEER!

### I

WORK, work, work,  
Down in the ship's deep hold.  
Was there a man would shirk?  
They of the tale untold;  
Down by the hot flames fanned,  
Theirs was the cruel part;  
They of the tireless hand,  
They of the dauntless heart!

## II

“Boys! we must keep her straight,  
She is a gallant boat,  
Worthy a better fate,  
Finest of all afloat—  
Now, as the Wireless Call  
Sweeps the encircling sea,  
Here in this prisoned wall  
It's up to you and me!”

## III

Work, work, work,  
Water is creeping higher,  
Was there a man would shirk?  
Engines must have their fire.  
Up on the ship's great deck  
Many are careless still,  
They, in the deep hold's wreck,  
Work with an iron will.

## IV

Knowing they have no hope  
When she must list and lunge,  
Never a piece of rope,  
Theirs is a fettered plunge,—

Fires are out,—and cold  
Rises the fluent fear,—  
Here's to the tale untold,  
Here's to the Engineer!

## THE WIRELESS TOWER

### I

THE “ambulance call of the sea”  
Winging its frenzied flight—  
Hark! 'tis the C Q D  
Rushed through the breathless night!  
“Sister Ships, do you hear?  
Hurry, turn on your trail.—  
Is there none that is near?  
Quick or your quest will fail!”

### II

Like an insistent hand,  
Searching the baffling dark,  
Far from the tranquil land  
Travels the gallant spark.

Fingers frozen and numb,  
Phillips, and pale young Bride—  
“Hurry! Danger! and Come!”  
Working there side by side—

### III

“Sister Ships, do you hear  
Carpathia, Olympic?” At last!  
“Courage! have a good cheer—  
Lo! we are coming fast.  
Turned on our tracks are we  
Sped with our utmost speed,  
Over the icy sea,  
Racing to meet your need!”

### IV

Whose is the pallid face?  
“Down we sink, by the head,  
Boys! you may leave your place,  
Each for himself!” he said.  
Fingers frozen and numb,  
Phillips, and pale young Bride—  
Hist! to the doggèd hum,  
Working there side by side.

## V

Hark! to the S O S

“Down we go, by the head—  
Quick! we are in distress,

Hurry to aid,” it said.—

“Phillips! we must not stay,

Come, there is no more time.”

Yet does the Wireless play,

Beating its rhythmic rhyme,—

## VI

“Down we go, by the head,”

Splutter—and dot—and dash—

Darkness! Peace to the Dead!

Silenced the dauntless flash.

## THE BAND

### I

THE boats are lowered, floating on the sea,  
And as the men, with silent courage, stand,  
Like to a battle call of minstrels,  
A sudden volume sweeps. Oh! Gallant Band,—  
Calmly, as if on terraced garden green,  
The liquid music lifts to starlit skies,  
As though the breathless horror of the scene  
Were but a prelude unto Paradise.

### II

The sweet, old hymn that every little child  
Has learned to whisper at his mother's knee,  
Perchance, at that dread moment, reconciled  
Each doubting heart to meet Eternity.  
The flute and cornet, cello, violin,  
Not one was missing from the accustomed place,  
And wafting sound, above the water's din,  
Followed each warrior to his resting place.

### III

No hope forlorn, by martial music led,  
Was ever cheered by anthem more inspired;  
Each hero, now amongst the deathless Dead,  
Ready to meet his fate, with ardor fired,  
Owed his last debt to those who, unafraid  
Though face to face with Death that was to be,  
With valiant hearts and hands so firmly played  
Unto the end, their Requiem of the Sea!



LOVE



## A W A K E N I N G

THE tender glamour of the dreamy days  
Before Love's full effulgence was complete  
Dwells in my soul. The dim untrodden ways  
That wooed our eager yet reluctant feet;  
The mute communion of our meeting eyes,  
The hand's elusive touch, when still no word  
With its supreme significant surprise  
The pregnant passions of our beings stirred;  
The shadowy dawn of unawakened pain,  
Love's Counterpart, with its evasive thrill,  
Haunted our hearts, and like the minor strain  
Of some great anthem ere the sound is still,  
Mingled with all the rapture yet to be  
A note of anguish in its harmony!

## LOVE HAS A MYRIAD OF WINNING WAYS

LOVE has a myriad of winning ways  
Beside the wells of his deep tenderness,  
The frolic of his fugitive caress  
As in my hair his wanton finger strays,  
The lyric laughter of his witching gaze  
That draws my own, reluctant, to confess  
The swift response that borders on distress,  
So clearly it my willing heart betrays.  
Love sometimes makes a petulant pretense  
Of injured dignity that he doth feign,  
As though, in truth, his wayward heart did swell  
With artless ardor in his own defence,—  
A playful parody of poignant pain,  
Created only to enhance his spell!

## LOVE IS A BEGGAR

LOVE is a beggar, most importunate,  
Uncalled he comes and makes his dear  
demands.

He storms my heart which doth capitulate  
And then he asks the homage of my hands.  
He claims my eyes, and wistfully they turn,  
He craves my lips, half-willingly they yield  
Their soft obeisance to his own that burn  
With potent passion in the power they wield.  
And when, with Woman's faith, I give my whole,  
I wonder if dear Love doth recognize  
That, with it all, unless he claim my soul,  
He gives me naught and asks but sacrifice!  
For Love, if Love be Love, should wish no dole,  
Nor eyes, nor lips, nor heart, without the Soul!

## ONE HOUR

### I

SNATCHED from the greedy hand of ruthless  
Time,

We saved one hour of golden afternoon.

Oh! Love, it seemed our hearts, as one, did chime

In subtle symphony; and so in tune

Our spirits were, that speech was hardly part

Of the deep language of the happy heart.

### II

The sunset lingered in the misty sky,

Till dim cloud shadows in the water grew,

And lilting reed-birds from the rushes, by

The gliding stream, across our vision flew,

With low, sweet cries, as though to thrill the ear

With the close thought that Nature was so near.

### III

We seemed in unison with bird and flower,  
At one with all the soft and sensuous light;  
I thought of Danæ in her golden shower  
And felt the God had claimed me as his right—  
The terrible, strong God whom men call Love,  
Who rules “the Earth below, the Heavens above!”

### IV

And yet, in that sweet hour, the Soul was King!  
And held the heart in pure and potent sway,—  
And we can ever to that memory bring  
The grateful knowledge that our perfect day,  
With all its essence of a mortal union,  
Was touched with high and Heavenly communion.

## “AMOR CONSOLATO”

WRITTEN FOR THE FIGURE CARVED BY PHILIP SMITH

THE broken lyre is lying at thy feet,  
All hushed and mute the rich and vibrant  
strings—

Oh! Love disconsolate, with drooping wings,  
Must thou forego the music once so sweet?  
Yet that deep note, forever incomplete,  
Its haunting melody through memory sings,—  
Lost, unfulfilled, triumphant still it rings  
Once perfect chord, soon silent, full but fleet!  
My broken heart lies crushed within thy hand,  
Dumb as the severed lyre's harmony,  
No more a magnet to thy magic wand,  
It lies inert—Lean, lowlier, Love! and see  
The hidden symbol by thy sad wings fanned—  
Death is Love's Hostage—Immortality.



## UNFULFILLED

I READ the pain and pathos of your eyes,  
The aftermath of anguish in your smile,  
And yet I can but envy you the while!  
Your heart has bled, an ardent sacrifice  
To Love's fulfilment. You have paid the price  
Of keen, fierce living; nor can aught defile  
The joys that once have been—they still beguile  
The tear-swept memory that Time defies.  
*My* soul's adventure, pallid, incomplete,  
Has lingered in the twilight, for my heart  
Has dwelt aloof in some dim atmosphere  
Betwixt the Earth and Heaven. My alien feet  
Have known nor Pain nor its great counterpart.  
I, who have never loved, may shed no tear!

## THE LESSER PART

HAD I been true to my deep loneliness,  
Nor sought a lesser love to soothe my grief,  
Had I been willing not to find relief,  
But so to live, companioned by distress,  
I, sometimes, to my inner soul confess  
The fierce and inarticulate belief  
That such despair forever held in fief  
Could heal my spirit better than caress.  
I have done nothing wrong—I only take  
A human love that longed to lift my woe,  
I only give a tender sympathy,  
And yet—ah! yet, I sometimes long to wake  
Alone, to taste again the bitter throe  
Of loveless and unsolaced misery.

## THE BETTER PART

I LOVED you and I lost you long ago,  
And though the life within me wells in Spring  
With sudden joy in every living thing,  
'Tis but a fitful fever, for I know  
I may not feel the glamour and the glow  
That one dear presence never failed to bring;  
And though my ravaged heart may sometimes  
sing,  
Its music cannot lose the note of woe.  
So though Love plead to give surcease from pain,  
I would not have it otherwise. My heart  
Would lose its life with its dear loneliness.  
I am of those who may not love again,  
Who find the bleeding wound the better part,  
And Grief assuaged, but Grief without redress.

## DISILLUSION

IF I could sleep and dream that love were true,  
Had e'er been true, unsullied and supreme,  
I'd gladly forfeit all the bliss I knew  
And all I ever could know. Blessèd dream,  
Lay on my weary eyes eternal sleep,  
For now they never open but to weep—

If I could count from off their bitter span  
The days of disillusion I have known,  
The cruel knowledge that the heart of man  
Has never climbed the heights, has never grown  
Through passion purified to peaks sublime,  
Would I not barter all that's left of Time?

## IF SOME FAIR ANGEL

IF some fair angel from the Upper World,  
With silent steps and pinions softly furled,  
Could lay cool hands upon these tired eyes,  
Once more the scalding tears might be empearled.

Perchance, if it could feel such sweet caress  
The Heart could conquer its own bitterness,  
And once again, through pity and through love,  
The Soul be loosened from this dark distress!

## LOVE AND UNFAITH

WE, who have loved, and from our Faith have  
faltered,

And made of Love a desecrated thing,  
How can we bear to face the God we've altered?

Like some great eagle on a broken wing,  
No more our Love can rise to heights transcendent

Where glows the light that ne'er on sea or shore  
Has shone except for those whose love resplendent

Has lent them wings of fire on which to soar.  
From that dim region which our Souls inherit

We bore the promise of a pristine flame;  
Alas! that we, who knew the holy Spirit,

Should clasp a lifeless ghost without a name.  
How empty now the way through Heaven's portal,  
Since Faith has failed and Love is not immortal!

## LOVE AND FAITH

I laughed, and you echoed my laughter,  
I wept, and you mirrored my tears,  
But when life is over, and after  
The tender enchantment of years,  
Is there aught in high Heaven to discover  
That our intimate joy may transcend,  
For I found in the heart of a lover  
The faith of a friend!

It may be the part that was spirit,  
God lent as a shield for our fight,  
And we who were worthy to bear it  
Shall lift it aloft in our flight  
To the ultimate regions of ether,  
Where Faith holds the key to the Throne,  
And Love, kneeling proudly beneath her,  
Our victory has won.

## THE FORGOTTEN COUNTER- SIGN

LIFE met me on the threshold—young, divine,  
And promised me unutterable things;  
And Love, with fragrant greeting on his wings,  
Looked in my eyes and laid his lips on mine,  
And bade me quaff the magic of his wine  
That deep delight, or disillusion brings.  
Ah! had I kept my fair imaginings,  
I had not lost the Heavenly Countersign;  
The Shibboleth of soul supremacy;  
The dower from my birth in higher spheres.  
Then might I know the purer ecstasy  
Of conquering Earth's test of alien tears,—  
And Life, perchance, her promise might redeem,  
And Love be more than a delusive dream!



# THE FAILURE OF KING ARTHUR

## EIGHT SONNETS

### *SHE SPEAKS*

#### I

IF some fierce wind of hot and alien breath  
Had swept the petals from my pure white rose,  
I had been more content to watch the throes  
Of such complete and devastating death,  
Than to have seen it marred. For mortal Faith  
Accepts the wild tornado when it blows,  
And, sooner than a bleeding wound disclose,  
Lays on its buried hopes the final wreath.  
But when the fitful gust of man's desire  
Leaves on the spotless bloom of Love a scar,  
Barters its beauty for a transient hour  
Of lesser Love, that cannot claim the power  
To wake within the breast a lasting fire—  
Then must high Heaven mourn a fallen star!

## II

Perchance I could have better borne the pain  
Of knowing Love so infinitely frail,  
Had it not been your hand that did disdain  
To guard me from the falling of the flail.  
I was secure in my sublime belief  
That human passion bordered on divine.  
How could I dream that you would be the thief  
To rob my cup of its immortal wine?  
Drained to the dregs, the empty glass I fling  
Down the dim path of disillusioned years;  
The Rose of Time is withered in its Spring,  
The Wine of Life transfused in bitter tears,  
And on my lips is left the tainted taste  
Of Love once holy turned to wanton waste!

III

YOU, who have suffered much because I failed,  
This bitter anguish you can never know—  
To see in eyes you love the utter woe  
Of one whose heart unto a cross is nailed.  
Must those dear eyes forever be half veiled  
As though afraid to meet the cruel blow  
Of disillusion? Ah! how faint their glow—  
Poor, martyred spirits by their love impaled.  
Belovèd, I would give my days to this,  
Could I but render back the joy you miss,  
And lift the load I laid, the deep distress.  
I, by whose hand your soul was rudely torn—  
Is not my fate more frustrate and forlorn,  
To rob the one I love of Happiness?

#### IV

BELOVÈD, do you know that when you weep,  
My heart weeps too in unison with tears  
That water the lost joy of all our years?  
Be it your will that I forever steep  
My soul in this despair, I gladly reap  
The pain I sowed and pay my Faith's arrears,  
If I could but dispel your soul's sick fears  
And for your spirit its sad vigil keep.  
Teach me, my own, some ardent sacrifice  
To win the gladness back to your dear eyes,  
Some antidote to this eternal pain.  
What would I give if I could bear a part  
Of what I have inflicted on your heart,  
And by my torture let you live again!

## V

IN vain!—The punishment that I must bear,  
The bitter price that I must always pay  
Is that I cannot wash the stain away  
Which I have made upon a love so fair.  
I sometimes think, that, dark though the despair,  
Which binds your being in relentless sway,  
It does not your sad heart more fiercely slay  
Than the remorse in mine beyond compare—  
To give, and have the fulness of return,  
To love as few have loved, and then to mar  
That spotless love by a belittling scar  
Which must a soul beloved forever burn.  
What anguish can be greater than to know  
One you would shield is bleeding from your blow!

*S H E S P E A K S*

VI

L OVE comes to me, and knocks at my sad heart,  
And bids me let him in that he may heal  
The cruel wound that will not cease to smart  
Which Love himself has made. I would not steel  
Myself against his dear and pleading voice,  
Ah! no, with ardor would I fain forgive;  
But, though I long with passion to rejoice,  
And once again the old sweet rapture live,—  
In vain! for naught can break the iron bars  
That hold my prisoned and enfeathered soul.  
And I, who once was kin unto the stars,  
Who soared triumphant to Life's utmost goal,  
Must dwell in wingless depths because I know  
Had Love been true I could not suffer so!

VII

I KNOW you love me still, for all the blue  
And ardent glances of your tender eyes  
Can never feign, or you would not be you;  
And yet in your high heart you do despise  
The thing I did, and swift resentments rise  
That I, unto myself was so untrue,  
That I could stain the perfect love I knew,  
That I could so defile my life's set prize!  
You love me, yes, and yet you hate the sin  
Against our love's convincing purity;  
I mourn with you for what I might have been,  
High priest of loyal Love's security—  
There is no thought that crucifies your heart  
But in my vain regret doth bear its part.

VIII

**B**ELOVÈD, you have taught me to forgive,—  
Your strong and fervent effort to redeem  
Has quickened my dead heart and made it live,  
And though I mourn the glory of my dream  
I see that my own love was faint and frail  
To meet the disillusion of your need.  
I could not bear to know that you could fail,  
Nor have you lean where you were wont to  
lead—

But now you lead again. Your deep remorse  
Has won my fainting soul to higher flight,  
And all the bitter anguish and the loss  
Have been the magnets to a purer light.  
We, who have fallen but to rise again,  
Perchance have won the victory of pain!



## FRAGMENT

THE dreamy drift of honeysuckle scent,  
A sensuous breath of beauty on the night—  
And we who shared the intimate delight  
Of Life and Love with youth and rapture blent!  
For such complete communion we were meant—  
To be but one in thought, and that thought right,  
To love the lovely and to find the Light!

## DEBT

WHAT do you owe me, Love of all my Years?  
Not love, ah! no, for love can not be owed.

Love must be free, accepted or bestowed,  
E'en though we pay its price with bitter tears!

But this one debt you owe, that fearlessly  
Your eyes shall meet the candor of my eyes;  
No veiled untruth may desecrate the prize  
Of a great Love's untarnished memory!

## TRUE LOVE IS SUCH A SWEET AND SACRED THING

TRUE love is such a sweet and sacred thing!  
When I am with the One who understands,  
I need not touch her lips nor clasp her hands,  
Just to be near her makes my glad heart sing—  
True love is such a sweet and sacred thing!

True love is such a sweet and sacred thing  
That sometimes, when I cannot have a word,  
I feel as though her tenderness I heard,  
A full communion that the thought may bring—  
True love is such a sweet and sacred thing!

True love is such a sweet and sacred thing  
That often when my ardent spirit stirs  
In rich and rhythmic unison with hers,  
I almost hear its mystic murmuring—  
True love is such a sweet and sacred thing!

True love is such a sweet and sacred thing  
That all of beauty is intensified,  
The world is so much fairer at her side,  
So much more exquisite the bloom of Spring—  
True love is such a sweet and sacred thing!

True love is such a sweet and sacred thing  
That even Death might lose for me its dread,  
If that dim hour could be interpreted  
Through her pure soul that lifts me on its wing—  
True love is such a sweet and sacred thing!

G R I E F  
TO S. D. R.



## GRIEF

### I

THE hollow waking ere the cruel dawn  
Has brought the fulness of my conscious pain,  
The effort of the numb and weary brain  
To know by what pale torture it is torn,  
To comprehend the burden it has borne  
Through fitful sleep, where ardent dreams would  
fain  
Dispel the horror on the spirit lain,  
And by fair visions cheat a fate forlorn.  
Before I fully face the day's blank grief—  
This misery of waking grips my soul,  
Till fiercer anguish were perchance relief  
And, better than so nebulous a goal,  
The surer knowledge that no glad sunrise  
Unrolls a radiant world to radiant eyes.

## II

TO S. D. R.

BELOVÈD, from the hour that you were born  
I loved you with the love whose birth is pain;  
And now, that I have lost you, I must mourn  
With mortal anguish, born of Love again;  
And so I know that Love and Pain are one,  
Yet not one single joy would I forego.—  
The very radiance of the Tropic sun  
Makes the dark night but darker here below.  
Mine is no coward soul to count the cost;  
The coin of Love with lavish hand I spend,  
And though the sunlight of my life is lost  
And I must walk in shadow to the end,—  
I gladly press the cross against my heart—  
And welcome Pain, that is Love's Counterpart!



PERCHANCE some day when we shall see the  
 Whole

We may rejoice that he should thus depart,  
 With joy incarnate in his radiant soul  
 And one pure Love, untarnished, in his heart;  
 For we, who near our Life's relentless goal,  
 With tattered banners in our listless hands,  
 No more, head high, can answer to the Roll:  
 Our feet have slipped amid the shifting sands  
 Of standards lowered and illusions lost.  
 His is eternal dawn, no setting sun,  
 And we, so passion-driven—tempest-tossed—  
 May scarce regret his short, glad battle won.  
 And yet this anguished thought cannot be stilled—  
 So young, so loving, and so unfulfilled!

## IV

### TO HER

MY child in love, the beauty of your eyes  
Holds in their ardent depths a poignant pain,  
How many sad and sacramental sighs  
Breathe through their glance and wring my heart  
again.

What would I give could I your burden bear  
Mingled with mine; I would not sink below  
All of your grief and all of your despair,  
Could I but once again transform your woe  
Into the joy whose promise fair you knew,  
Birthright of love which his great love fulfilled;  
Passion more pure, and Faith more firm and true  
Earth hath not known and Heaven hath not  
willed.—

And yet, perchance, could I your anguish lift  
I should be robbing you of Life's best gift!

## V

### IMPOTENCE

TO HER

LOVE is so strong and yet so sadly weak!  
When I behold the glory of your eyes  
Sad with the sorrow which they may not speak—  
Dim with the forfeit of their glad sunrise,  
I long to hold and fashion all the years  
Back to your birthright and away from tears.

## II

I have had joy—Ah! would that it were yours—  
I have known life and its broad vision—pain—  
I have had Love, the Love that love allures;  
If I could only give you all my gain,  
There is no prize that I would set apart  
Could it but help the healing of your heart.

## VI

### TO HIM

BLUE were thine eyes, reflections of the flower  
That bids us not forget, nor dream that we  
Can be forgotten by Love's mighty power.  
Their lucid depths were wells of constancy.  
Perchance this world had changed those ardent  
eyes

That met its call with loyal, level blue—  
For it may be, alas! that Life belies  
The promise that it gives when Love is true.  
And so, although I weep these blinding tears  
That fill my cup unto the bitter brim,  
I can rejoice that the corroding years  
Thy clear and crystal glance shall never dim.  
Are we so frail that none can stand the test,  
Can Death alone be true to Love's behest?

## VII

HIS gift was Joy, and surely we must keep  
The gift he brought, as tribute to our Love;  
And we must smile, with eyes that fain would  
weep  
Hot tears of desolation, till we prove  
That, through his sunshine, we have caught the  
gleam  
Of radiance from a higher sphere than ours;  
Just as, of old, his presence used to seem  
To bring a sweeter fragrance to the flowers,  
A keener beauty to the morning sky,  
A lilt of laughter to the buoyant breeze!  
So we must gather close his legacy  
Of Love and Joy, and then, perchance, the Peace  
Which passeth understanding shall abide  
In our sad hearts until the eventide.

## VIII

### MARCH NINETEENTH

THIS is the day I held you to my breast  
For the first time, and looked into the eyes  
So soon to welcome with a gay surprise  
The joy of life and all its ardent zest.  
For, ere its severed span was rent, the Best,  
The most desired and achievèd prize,  
The heart's high Love that only true love buys,  
Had crowned your youth with its divine behest.  
I try to sate my longing with the thought  
That you have known the beauty and the joy  
Of Life and Love, without their bitter pain;  
But as the miracle of Spring is wrought,  
And its new birth doth Winter's death destroy,  
My heart cries out for you to come again!

## IX

FEBRUARY 21ST, 1909

THIS was the day I died, when all Life's sun  
Was blotted out in dark and dreadful night.  
And I, who lived and laughed and loved the light,  
In one brief moment knew my race was run;  
Knew that the glory of my days was done,  
Because no more with happy, human sight  
In your dear eyes could I read love aright,  
No more could feel how closely we were one,  
As we had been for all the perfect years  
From boyhood till you came to man's estate;  
My bliss is bartered now for blinding tears.  
So young to die!—And Joy with step elate  
Had chosen you her own. Love unafraid  
Had brushed your lips with royal accolade!

## X

FEBRUARY 21ST, 1912

CAN it be true the triple years have passed  
With dull and laggard steps above your head,  
And yet, my Own, I cannot make you dead!  
Light of my life, the glamour that you cast  
Is with me still—I hold it close and fast,  
And, if from Earth it has not wholly fled,  
May not the sunshine which your presence shed  
Break through this leaden loneliness at last?  
Not that I would my bitter pain deny,  
For Love is Pain and I would pay its price,  
The poignant price of what was once so sweet!  
The Cross that Christ Himself did sanctify  
Symbolled the ardor of Love's sacrifice,  
And still can lift us, kneeling at His feet!



## XI

### HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart,  
If you could come again,  
And I could look once more into the blue  
Clear depths of your dear eyes whose soul I knew,  
Would I be free of this eternal pain,  
Heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart,  
If I could kiss your brow,  
The broad young brow that promised virile  
thought,  
With lines of vital joy and ardor wrought,  
Would such a kiss suffice me even now,  
Heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart,  
If I could hear your voice  
And thrill to its clear tone with dazed delight,  
Would all the world seem luminous and bright  
And every living thing with me rejoice,  
Heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart,  
If I could touch your hand  
And feel its vibrant strength enclose my own,  
I sometimes think the very touch alone  
Would answer all my soul could e'er demand,  
Heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart,  
If this could ever be,  
And all my loneliness were so forgot  
In your dear presence, yet I could not blot  
From out my heart this mortal misery,  
Heart of my heart!

Heart of my heart,  
To taste the depths I've known  
Is to be part of this World's utter Woe.  
How could I then forget the pain I know?  
Pain and my heart so firmly knit have grown,  
Heart of my heart!

Heart of my heart,  
Not even your loved smile  
Could ever wake my own to answering glee,

For, from the knowledge of Earth's agony,  
No sweet reunion could my thoughts beguile,  
Heart of my heart!

Heart of my heart,  
My lips have drunk too deep  
Of Marah's waters ever to forget.  
All I can do, with eyes from anguish wet,  
Is but to love and weep with those that weep,  
Heart of my heart!

## XII

### THE GARDEN IN THE WOODS

THERE is a garden in a distant place,  
In a far field where trees encircling grow,  
And, often when the summer breezes blow,  
I go alone to muse upon a face  
That was my joy. White roses interlace  
His resting spot the granite cross below.  
There my dumb heart can sometimes voice its woe  
And ask the healing of our dear Lord's grace.  
The fragrance of the rose is as his youth,  
The blue forget-me-nots reflect his eyes,  
The deep dyed pansies are for memory.  
In that sweet garden I can feel the truth  
That all my love doth follow to the skies  
And pledge the Spirit's immortality.

## XIII

### PAIN THE INTERPRETER

PAIN the Interpreter with level eyes  
Has bound a crown of thorns upon my  
brow—

And bids me wear it valiantly, nor bow  
A vanquished head before joy's sacrifice.

Pain the Interpreter with searching hand  
Has probed my heart to all its pregnant woe,  
That I may feel the world's Titanic throe,  
And all the Earth pain fitly understand.

Pain the Interpreter has seared my soul  
Until its flame-swept vision may discern  
The utter loneliness of souls that yearn  
Through some deep anguish toward a distant goal

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